

Sketch

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Coos Bay

Craig Parsons*

*Iowa State College

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Coos Bay

Craig Parsons

Abstract

Having glazed the sand and driftwood, The water slips away and breezes whisper To the foam
on languished waves; A cry far-off of sea birds Wheeling in the sunset air, Not knowing that they,
like the waves In their calm motion, shall spend the night Sleeping with the stars.

Coos Bay

by Craig Parsons

Dist. Studies, Senior

I

Having glazed the sand and driftwood,
The water slips away and breezes whisper
To the foam on languished waves;
A cry far-off of sea birds
Wheeling in the sunset air,
Not knowing that they, like the waves
In their calm motion, shall spend the night
Sleeping with the stars.

II

When at night, far-out from city lights,
Having wandered long through empty corridors
Of trees and felt their leaves
Entangled with the foot-high grass
And rasping weeds,
And seeing only phantoms of a summer's breath
Hang low and still I breathe,
And hearing, hear the ocean
And the ocean's beach debate the night,
And being somewhere captured
High upon a hill, and lonely, looking down,

And there the still, far-off city glow
Encroaching faintly through the trees—
I looking there, long and wondering,
Ask silent questions there,
And open to the stealth
With which it dwells within my mind
Myself, immersed in distances
Too close for being answers;
Hidden and intent upon a word,
Pursued and questioned,
Queried, finding there no answers,
I drift to frosted star-fields
And a star-lit sky
Without a cloud, without a moon,
And only stars provide illumination
For the night time shapes and forms;
So when on such a night,
Alone beneath the star-lit sky,
I let my thoughts go wandering off
Among my dreams and stars,
I sense the hollow earth
Beneath my feet.

Black Sunset

by Earl Keyser

English Graduate

The boulevard lights bounce from the pavement;
The walkers speed their pace as the night chills.
Long black hairs glued to blue-painted eyelids,
Their blanched faces see only the darkness.
They flaunt a bareness, a child's toy lost,
And pretend the innocence it cries for.
White stilts support their skinny bodies and
Each carries a bag of empty treasures.
These young, lost so long before womanhood,
Unable to change, left to walk lonely.